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THE NEWS OF EUROPE.

PEACE AGAIN MENACED BY RUSSIAN INTRIGUES AND AGGRESSIONS.

AUSTRALIA—MANIPUR—THE LABOR COMMISSION—IRISH POLITICS—INTEREST IN THE AMERICAN NAVY—MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN—MR. BARNUM—MISS EAMES—MRS. LANGTRY—COPYRIGHT.

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London, April 11.—That ominous heading, "The Peace of Europe," has begun to reappear in the papers. It is seldom used except when there is fear that the peace may be broken. This time, as so often before, it is Russia who rouses men's fears. If she wished to pursue unprovoked her policy of a new campaign in the Balkans, she had better have held the hands of her agents who murdered M. Baitcheff week before last. People may look on idly at movements or reported movements of troops, but a planned political assassination, with a Prime Minister as the intended victim, engages the attention of the dullest. Telegrams from Vienna, Sophia and other central points show that the excitement in those quarters continues. M. Stambouloff, who can be diplomatic when he likes, is reported, truly or untruly, as saying to a Hungarian correspondent that he does not think Russia had a hand in the murder; though had he, instead of M. Baitcheff, been killed, Russia would have seized the occasion to make herself master in Bulgaria.

Rumors of fresh plots abound. Prince Ferdinand, next after M. Stambouloff, is deemed the chief obstacle to Russian ambition. Hence the sensible suggestion that the Prince should designate an heir to the throne. If the Powers could make up their minds to confirm Prince Ferdinand's election that would be still more useful. It would be done if Germany would consent, but Germany still waits on Russia in Eastern politics. Russia, meantime, is believed to be continuing her preparations for the war which she intends to choose her own time for beginning. Troops are moving southward and westward, and reports of concentration on the Galician frontier are rather more precise and positive than usual. Alarm is freely expressed lest Austria, the unready, be caught napping. Austria, however, is at least as well informed as even that serious correspondent who supplies this latest news. He is convinced that Russia, instead of requiring four quarters to complete her warlike preparations, will be entirely ready early next year. It may be so, but Russia, not less than Austria, has dilatory habits. Vienna is the chief source whence flow these rumors. Berlin, which seldom accepts Vienna as authority, denies them. The Bourses are disturbed, but mainly by other causes. The German Emperor believes in peace, but the German Emperor has convinced himself that nobody can fire a shot in Europe without his leave. It does not occur to him that others may have a different opinion, or that guns sometimes go off of themselves.

The Australian Convention has adopted its Constitution and adjourned. No important change has been made in the provisions as given last week. The Constitution has now to be ratified by the separate States and accepted by the Parliament at Westminster. It is not supposed that any serious objection will arise in either quarter. English people at home watch the progress of this experiment curiously, but without visible anxiety. Yet their immense Australian colonies have suddenly ceased to be colonies, or will cease when this new agreement comes into force. They have declared themselves States and have formed themselves into a great Commonwealth. The link which binds them to the Mother Country is the Crown. It is precisely the tie which Mr. Parnell once proposed to keep and one declared that he would break between Ireland and England. Nobody has yet discovered just how strong or how weak it may be by itself, when other bonds are sundered. The loyalty of the Australians is not at present in dispute. They are loyal in pretty exact proportion to their freedom from control in matters they care most about. But it is a solemn thing to create a Commonwealth, and they who are doing it themselves know not what new forces they have set in motion, or what the effect of this act may be on the relations between the colonies and the rest of the Empire. Imperial Federation is a sonorous phrase often heard in recent years. It was never a policy. It was a respectable sentiment, and it does not seem to have gained strength from what is happening in Australia. The federation of the moment is not Imperial, but Colonial.

News from Manipur is both better and worse. It is no longer doubtful that Mr. Quinton and all, or nearly all, his party were killed. Mr. Quinton, as Chief Commissioner of Assam, was a great official, and among those who perished with him are Mr. Grimwood, the Resident of Manipur, and Colonel Skeene, who commanded the Goorkhas. The death of such men is a blow to British prestige which can only be recovered by striking a heavier blow in return. The leader of the Manipur forces, who was also the leader of the revolt against British protection, has obligingly given his enemies the occasion they wanted, and marched to Thobal, a wretched mud fort some twenty miles from the capital, thinking to capture a place weakly defended by eighty Sepoys. That happened, however, to be at the head of this weak force a strong man, one Lieutenant Grant. He neither retreated nor surrendered to an army forty times more numerous than his own. It seemed to Lieutenant Grant a better course to resist these 3,000 Manipuris. He did so; beat them, killed their leader and other high officers, drove them from before the fort, and has written his own name large in the annals of Indian warfare. Reinforcements have since arrived. Others more numerous are hurrying forward, and the only question the English have to decide is which of several possible forms retribution may take. They may annex Manipur, or put their own man on a nominal throne.

After long delay, made longer by the Queen's absence from the Kingdom, the Royal Commission on Labor has at last been appointed. This Commission is the official recognition of the existence and importance of the struggle between labor and capital, and the attempt of labor to control capital now in progress. It is officially defined as a commission "to inquire into questions affecting the relations between employer and employed, the combinations of employers and of employed, and the conditions of labor which have been raised during recent trade disputes in the United Kingdom, and to report whether legislation can with advantage be directed to the remedy of any of the evils that may be disclosed; and if so, in what manner." That is a large inquiry, and the Commission is one of unusual strength. Lord Hartington is chairman, and Lord Hartington is one of the three most considerable personages in public life. Other names known to politics are those of Lord Derby, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Mundella and Mr. Courtney. Then come specialists, among them Sir Edward Harland, the great steamship builder of Belfast, who produced the *Tonic*; Mr. Bolton, chairman of the Caledonian Railway; Mr. Jesse Collings, champion of the agricultural laborer and friend with Mr. Chamberlain; Mr. Burt, secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Association; Mr. Marshall, professor of political economy at Cambridge; Sir Frederick Pollock, professor of jurisprudence at Oxford and commentator on the American White Star Line, with one of the best business brains in this kingdom; Mr. Livesey, chairman of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, who saved

London from a general gas strike; Mr. "Tom" Mann, president of the Dockers' Union and strike organizer. In all there are twenty-seven commissioners, including many more men hardly less representative than these.

The only serious criticism on this body is that it is too able and too numerous, and will never agree on anything. But it is not expected to agree. Its duty is to take evidence and to hear all sides. As for reports and recommendations, there will be not one but several. There has been some fuss about the non-appointment of Mr. Davitt, whom the Anti-Parnellites wanted. Mr. McCarthy threatened to take the sense of the House on his exclusion, but could not get forty members to support his effort to have the question declared urgent. There are more than forty freemen in the House of Commons ready to blaze up at a moment's notice, but Mr. McCarthy's skill in applying the bellows is not great. Nobody has any claim to appointment, nor would the English public relish Mr. Davitt's presence on a Royal Commission.

The performances of the week in Parliament will not be deemed important, except in the immediate vicinity of Westminster. There have, however, been incidents which have some bearing on the everlasting Irish question. One of Mr. Gladstone's most faithful and fiery young disciples, Mr. Munro Ferguson, started a little scheme of Scottish Home Rule in the House of Commons itself, and got 135 members to support him; but they were not enough. Then came the pleasing spectacle of all the Gladstonians voting in favor of the Anti-Parnellite candidate for committee and all against the Parnellite. The Irish Land Purchase bill came up on Thursday and again on Friday, when Mr. Labouchere took, as he often does, the lead of the Gladstonian party. He proposed an amendment by which the Imperial guarantee of Irish land stock should be omitted. Mr. Gladstone followed his follower submissively enough, urging that the country had pronounced against his own land bill in 1886 on this very ground. Mr. Balfour replied with neatness that Mr. Gladstone's bill had been rejected, not because it pledged, but because it perilled, Imperial credit. Mr. Labouchere's amendment was rejected by ninety-four majority, a respectable figure. The McCarthyites contributed to its respectability by declining to support the Labouchere-Gladstone proposal. There is, in fact, a state of friction between the English Radicals and the Irishmen, whether Parnellite or Anti-Parnellite. A kind of Dutch auction is going on in Ireland, either party being on tiptoe to underbid the other in loyalty to the existing Union. Till this contest is concluded, each is equally shy of seeming to accept English support or to bestow any of its own on any English proposal or English leader.

Mr. Parnell's Phoenix Park speech on Sunday is here regarded as a more explicit declaration than he has heretofore made in favor of dynamite. If not for dynamite, he is at any rate for dynamiters, and rails at the English Government for not releasing from English gaols those misguided enthusiasts who, about 1882, proved their patriotism by blowing up, or trying to blow up, the railway stations and bridges of London. There might almost be a reconciliation on this ground between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Patrick Ford. His plea—Mr. Parnell's, not Mr. Ford's—for amnesty to the English "really a large identification of the Irish cause with the dynamiters and their paymasters beyond the Atlantic." He asserted that Mr. Gladstone had some negotiations in 1886 with the dynamite party, and even received some of them at Hawarden. This surprising story has been, as might be expected, energetically denied by Mr. Gladstone. There are those who think dynamite a dead policy. If it was ever dead, Mr. Parnell seems likely enough some day to resurrect it. Nor was it dead in Tipperary, even without his help.

The Lord Chief Justice, sitting in Cork, has just passed sentence of seven years' penal servitude on a patriot who had a dangerous explosive in his possession. These explosives were used to enforce the edicts of Mr. O'Brien to carry on the Plan of Campaign. Boycotting was used much more commonly, and two men were convicted and sentenced respectively to eighteen months' and a year's imprisonment for posting up boycotting notices. Others were sentenced for moonlighting, for which ten years' penal servitude does not seem to this just judge too much. On the whole, the state of things in Tipperary is improving, and emigration to America has increased and is increasing rapidly.

A more pleasing picture may be seen by whoever will turn his eyes to the West Coast, where Lady Zetland and Miss Balfour are visiting. Lady Zetland is the wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Miss Balfour is a sister to the Chief Secretary, the man who, if you believe all you are told, is the most hated of all the oppressors of Ireland. These two ladies are looking after the disbursements that fund the relief of Irish distress which, started as it was by Lord Zetland and Mr. Balfour, exceeds a quarter of a million of dollars. Their visit includes that district where light railways are building, as an official contribution to the relief of the most congested and impoverished parts of the island. Well, it appears that these two ladies, bearing the two hated names, are received by the people of the country with cordiality and gratitude. Mr. Balfour's name is in fact received with cries of "God bless him." Elsewhere in Ireland it might not be so, any more than Mr. Parnell's might be by the very people who, a few months since, hailed him as a deliverer. But about what happened in Achill there is no dispute, and it is a relief to be told by anybody any story about Ireland which somebody else does not immediately contradict.

Naval experts in England have for some time been aware that an attempt toward an American navy was in progress. The English public is just beginning to take an interest in this effort. The interest is stimulated, perhaps, by that tall Italian talk about sending Italian ironclads on a trip to New-Orleans. "The Times" prints an account of what it politely calls the new American navy, and discusses it editorially. The editorial is worth attending to, because it is the work of an authority in shipbuilding, whoever he may be. He thinks it right that the United States should have a navy. He admits handsomely that she has distinguished, even glorious, naval traditions, that we are renowned for the novelty and audacity of our mechanical inventiveness. We are, however, going ahead rather too boldly and too lightly, building ships which, good as they are, do better on paper than in the water. The best of them—all of them, indeed—we have copied from English designs. Growing tired of this state of dependence, we are now trying to improve on our cousins. Secretary Tilden's belief that the equal of the Indiana, Massachusetts and Oregon, three "seagoing coast-line battleships"—whatever they may mean—does not exist is treated sceptically. The Briton is commonly sceptical about other people's merits. He will not even agree with Mr. Tracy that the *Pitt* is "absolutely without a parallel," nor that she could catch the *Tonitru*. Nay, he more than hints that at least one English cruiser, the *Blake*, could catch the *Pitt*. Mr. White, chief constructor to the English Admiralty, expresses critical opinions on some technical points about the *Pitt*, and asserts with confidence that whatever her builders may allege, only so much weight can be put on board for so much displacement. He adds—not fear cynically—that the laws of nature will not alter, even to oblige the most accomplished ship-designer. There are other criticisms not less distrustful in spirit. Yet they do seem to think that Secretary Tracy is getting some pretty good ships built, and England will be quite ready to borrow

from him when he has anything new to lend. No Nation now has a monopoly of new ideas.

The retirement of Mr. Justice Stephen is a real loss to the English Bench. He was, in some important respects, the ablest man on it. He was, for instance, not merely a good lawyer, but a jurist, and English jurists are rare. He had a systematizing mind, a conception of law as a science, and a wholesome contempt for legal empiricism. There are judges of less learning and less ability who have been better liked by the Bar and by suitors; there are none whose reputation for courage and capacity stood higher. His health obliges him to resign. There has been some clamor against him for staying too long. It was unjust, much of it partisan—for politics are unhelpfully beginning to play a part in judicial administration. There are Radicals who wish the judges' salaries to be voted yearly by Parliament in order that their conduct on the Bench may be criticised in the House of Commons.

Mr. Justice Stephen took leave of the Bench on Tuesday. The Lord Chief Justice's court was thronged. The scene was impressive. The Attorney-General, in behalf of the Bar, of which he is the head, expressed the regret of the profession. The Judge replied in a brief address, manly and pathetic, which affected his hearers and impressed the public. Then everybody began wondering who would succeed Mr. Justice Stephen as one of the Justices of the High Court. There were several candidates. There always are. Some of them were eminent; none were pre-eminent. The Lord Chancellor's choice, for in this singular country it is practically the Lord Chancellor who appoints the Judges, fell on Mr. Henn Collins. He has the advantage of being an Irishman, though he belongs neither to the Parnellite nor to the Anti-Parnellite faction, a circumstance which reminds foreign persons that there is a third Ireland, entirely outside those two divisions. He is a Queen's Counsel, a member of his Inn, a member of the Bar Committee, a favorite with attorneys who have given him for years past large and lucrative business; and passes with both branches of the legal profession for being an able and sound lawyer, with none of that genius of which the public and the profession alike have a secret fear.

Strikers, past, present and to come, are disturbed by the sentence of six weeks' imprisonment bestowed by the Recorder of Cardiff on Mr. Wilson, secretary of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union. Mr. Wilson is a mischievous busybody who has led his followers into various scrapes, but himself keeping hitherto within the law. But at Cardiff he miscalculated the forbearance of the authorities in organizing a strike. He organized a riot, led attacks on the boarding-houses where non-unionists were staying, and intimidated men willing to work. He was indicted for unlawful assembly. The jury found him guilty. The Recorder, in passing sentence, told him that he was fortunate in not having been indicted for riot. Strikers, Socialists, Anarchists and partisans of disorder in general are holding indignation meetings, but Mr. Wilson remains comfortably in jail.

Mr. Barnum's death excites a kind of interest which would have extremely gratified the old man. Every leading paper in London and many elsewhere have long editorials on him, most of them kindly and sympathetic. That there was an element of hubbub in some of his performances he admitted as freely as Mr. Barnum himself admitted it. He was redeemed by the real merit and interest of the shows which he provided for the public. They recognize his claim to be considered the greatest showman the world ever saw, and they agree that to be the greatest in anything is a title to fame. Mr. Barnum, moreover, had made himself popular with the British public and liked by many persons of position in England. They knew his weak points, but they liked the man, and he is regretted.

The American prima donna, Miss Eames, made her first appearance at Covent Garden this week as Margaret in "Faust." The reputation of her success at the Grand Opera in Paris had preceded her, but the English, like Americans, prefer to judge for themselves, and success elsewhere is no guarantee that a debutante will be well received in London. Miss Eames was thought to be slightly nervous on Tuesday, but nevertheless, pleased her audience and the critics. Her voice, her musical training, her presence, her acting, are all praised. It is the verdict of one of the least enthusiastic of these critical gentlemen that London has a new favorite, and that Miss Eames may look forward to a London season of popularity and of applause.

Mrs. Langtry is not fortunate in her plays. "Lady Barter" by Mr. Coghlan, had to be withdrawn after a few nights, and "Linda Grey," by the late Sir Charles Young, produced on Wednesday at the Princess's Theatre, gives little promise of longer life. The piece is not worth acting or analyzing. It is an old-fashioned melodrama of the "penny-dreadful" type. The author borrowed from M. Belot, an author whom even an English playwright must be hard-up indeed to borrow from. M. Belot is a fifth-rate novelist and a tenth-rate dramatist. The theme and the treatment are alike hackneyed and stale. Mrs. Langtry played the purely comedy portions of this piece with distinction and good effect. When she effort to extract good effects from weak and false situations was too much for her. The difficulty of her task was increased by the feebleness of the company, which would have seemed more at home at the East End of London, or in the remote provinces. The audience was brilliant and indulgent.

There are some curious proofs of the interest which the American Copyright act excites. It has been reprinted in many papers and periodicals, especially those having to do with literature or books; but that does not secure for it all the publicity that is wanted. The Society of Authors has now sent out to all its members and to others a copy of the act, with some sections, clauses and phrases in Italian. Those who receive it are invited to communicate to the society any suggestions as to the action which should be taken by authors or any remarks on the future working of the act which may occur to them. Lord Monckswell's bill receives some support, and various schemes of retaliation against the protection of American printers are mooted. None seem very serious.

REBEL SUCCESSES IN CHILL.

ARICA AND TACNA CAPTURED—RETIREAT OF THE GOVERNMENT FORCES.

Iquique, April 8, via Galveston.—News has just been received here that Arica and Tacna have been captured by the insurgents, and that the Department of Tacna is in the hands of the Congress party, who now control all Northern Chile as far south as Copalpo. No fighting occurred, the Government forces fleeing toward the frontier of Bolivia.

Washington, April 11.—The Secretary of State has received information from the United States Minister at Santiago, Chile, that the Government of Chile has declared closed the ports of Chamaral, Talait, Antofagasta, Oquivila, Iquique, Calchaqueno, Junin and Pangua. The Minister also states that all vessels attempting to trade with those ports are liable to confiscation.

THE CITY OF PARIS NEARLY READY TO SAIL.

London, April 11.—The work of replacing the engines in the human line steamer *City of Paris*, which remained in dock at Liverpool after reaching Liverpool on Tuesday, April 10, 1890, until March 6 subsequent to her being towed to Glasgow in order that her repairs might be completed, is nearly finished. She will undoubtedly sail for New-York on May 13, as before announced.

ARRESTED FOR OPPOSING THE COALITION.

Buenos Ayres, April 11.—Chief Admiral Soler and several generals, who, as called on April 9, signed a manifesto against the *Pro-Torres* coalition, have been arrested and imprisoned for so doing.

THE PROTEST NOT POPULAR.

MANY INFLUENTIAL EPISCOPAL RECTORS WILL NOT SIGN IT.

GROUND OF THEIR OPPOSITION—ITS MANY SUPPORTERS MAINLY LAYMEN AND ASSISTANT MINISTERS.

The protest against the alleged uncanonical practices of the Rev. Dr. Hoher Newton and the Rev. Dr. Rainford has obtained nearly all the signatures that the clergymen responsible for its framing and circulation can get. The protest was sent out marked "private and confidential." Therefore neither its supporters nor those opposed to it are willing as yet to give it to the public through the newspapers. It is a brief document, and its purpose is that the clergymen and laymen whose names are signed to it "respectfully protest against the action" of the clergymen mentioned "in inviting clergymen of other Christian denominations to their pupils, on the ground that it is in violation of Canon 14 of Title I of the Digest of Canons." The protest is not addressed to the Bishop or anybody else in particular. Its framers and signers have simply freed their own minds. It is certain that it has been signed by many prominent clergymen, but it is equally certain that many prominent clergymen have refused to sign it. Professor Richey drew it up, and the Rev. Dr. Dix is one of the signers.

The Rev. Dr. de Costa did not sign it. His reasons for withholding his support are, it has been learned, that the protest has too much milk and water about it. It does not meet his views, because it is not pronounced enough, his contention being that by the canon "preachers" of other denominations, whether robed or not, should not be allowed to address Episcopal congregations from the pulpits of Protestant Episcopal churches.

It is certainly a significant fact that, with few exceptions, the strongest Episcopal clergymen in this city have refused to sign the protest. It can be stated on good authority that the Rev. Dr. E. Winchester Donald, of the Church of the Ascension, the Rev. Dr. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's, the Rev. Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church, the Rev. Dr. Arthur Brooks, of the Church of the Incarnation, the Rev. Dr. E. Walpole Warren, of Holy Trinity, the Rev. Dr. Mottet, of the Church of the Holy Communion, the Rev. Cornelius B. Smith, of St. James's Church, the Rev. Dr. Van De Water, of St. Andrews, the Rev. Dr. Stanger, of the Church of Holy Trinity, of Harlem; the Rev. Dr. Rynance, of St. Mark's Church, the Rev. Dr. Peters, of St. Michael's Church, and Archdeacon Mackay-Smith have all refused to attach their names to the paper. A number of the clergymen, in fact, have not seen the papers at all. Many of them, naturally, wonder at this.

It is understood, also, that with the exception of the Rev. Dr. Dix, the Rev. Dr. Satterlee and a few other well-known leaders of the Church the signers are in the main assistant rectors and laymen.

The Rev. Dr. Newton, who it was said, would explain his position publicly, has written the following letter to "The Churchman":

Your insertion in this week's "Churchman" seems to me to require and deserve a frank and cordial response; and I am, I repeat, in the course of directing to make no personal references, I trust you will find space to admit a brief personal answer.

You have very fairly stated the broad ground on which, for years past, I have felt free to have special services in my church, and which Christian divines, in the order of the Church, have been invited to deliver addresses. Something I might indeed add to your statement, if my present purpose were argumentative. Since, however, I am responding to an invitation, I will only add, in this connection, that no one who has spoken in my church on any occasion has ever uttered one word that might not have been spoken by yourself on any occasion or in any presence. I may further say that, if it had occurred to me that serious disquiet would be caused by any special use which I have made of the large liberty which I hold in my church, I would, as a matter of course, have been content to make no personal references, I trust you will find space to admit a brief personal answer.

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WHY HE SHOT HIMSELF A MYSTERY.

ROGER HADDOCK, A WELL-KNOWN BUSINESS MAN, TAKES HIS LIFE.

Rockland County was surprised yesterday afternoon by the suicide of Roger Haddock, of Piermont, one of the wealthiest, most esteemed and prominent business men of the county. Mr. Haddock was in his store yesterday morning, attending to his business duties, when he went up to his library over the store, put a revolver to his head and shot himself dead. The occupants of the store were dumfounded when they saw the result of the pistol shot, and as the news spread through Piermont the people of the entire village were shocked.

When found Mr. Haddock lay upon the library floor still grasping in his right hand the weapon which had done his deadly work. Business was at once suspended. The windows and doors were closed shortly before noon. The motive that prompted the shooting is a mystery. Corner Kirkpatrick was informed and went at once to Piermont and took charge of the body.

Mr. Haddock was born in 1827. He went from New-York to Piermont in 1857, engaged in the mercantile business with a capital of \$25,000. Under his energetic efforts the business grew apace. His store is the oldest store, and the business has always been deemed one of the largest and safest in the county. During his entire business career Mr. Haddock never gave a promissory note, nor had he ever been sued or threatened with a suit at law. He was prominently associated in all the organizations which affected in any way the interests of Piermont, and was a member of the Masons, and served as the president of that village. He was twice married, first in 1856 and again in 1875. He leaves a wife and one daughter.

Mr. Haddock was a jovial, generous man. All his relations in life were exceptionally pleasant, and he was very kind to the public generally. He was a man of abstemious habits, a leader in the Reformed Church, and was pointed to as an example for young men to follow. The inquest will be held to-morrow.

LOCKED UP ON A CHARGE OF BLACKMAIL.

A DEALER IN TRIMMINGS HAS TROUBLE WITH A WOMAN AND A HUSBAND.

A young man who said he was Thomas Furman, a carpenter of No. 301 1-2 Elizabeth-st., was locked up in the Mulberry-st. station last night, on the charge of attempting to levy blackmail upon a dealer in bead trimmings at No. 52 Prince-st. Among the young women employed by Emanuel has been Ethel Carmen, age twenty. She told her employer on Wednesday that she had been made homeless and she wished he could direct her to some home where she could find shelter. That evening Emanuel took her to the house of an acquaintance

in St. Mark's Place, and hired a room for her there. She did not appear at the store in Prince-st. on Thursday. On Friday morning Emanuel was surprised to receive an envelope containing the following letter:

Thursday night, Sir: The man that was watching us last night was my husband. We were married two years ago and I did not know he was in New-York. He says he will make trouble unless he is paid \$500, and he wants it by to-morrow evening. Hoping you will see some way to settle it, I remain, CARMEN. P. S. Address Mrs. Furman, No. 301 1-2 Elizabeth-st.

The envelope also contained a crumpled note, stating that the young woman had written the letter from dictation and was afraid of violence unless the money was paid. Emanuel took no notice of the blackmail letter. Yesterday morning he received a letter from Furman, who accused him of ruining his wife, and demanded a settlement. "If there is no settlement," Furman wrote, "I will hang you to a tree." About noon Furman went to the store and boldly demanded money. He assaulted Emanuel when the money was refused, and broke a plateglass window of the store. Then he went away, threatening vengeance. In the afternoon the young woman went to the store and said she was afraid of Furman. The police were informed of Furman's behavior, and they arrested him in his room in Elizabeth-st. in the evening. The young woman had gone to her room in St. Mark's Place. In Furman's pocket were letters which showed that he had a wife in Liverpool.

SURVIVORS OF THE UTOPIA.

SOME OF THEM BROUGHT TO THIS PORT.

THRILLING STORY TOLD BY ONE OF THE ILL-FATED SHIP'S PASSENGERS.

The steamship *Anglia*, of the Anchor Line, arrived at this port yesterday from Gibraltar, having on board some of the survivors of the wrecked *Utopia*. The *Utopia* was lost in the Bay of Gibraltar on March 17 while on her way to this port, and 560 of her passengers were lost. She was lost by fouling the ram of a British man-of-war at anchor in the harbor, as has already been told in the published dispatches. Of the survivors 140 were sent back to Italy and 154 were forwarded to this port by the *Anglia*. There were only a few saloon passengers on board the *Utopia*. Of these one was lost and two came to this port on the *Anglia*.

The saloon passengers who arrived here yesterday were W. T. Coburn, of No. 120 West Seventy-seventh-st., and Miss Mathilde Sohn, of this city. George S. Lewis, cashier of the Columbia Bank of Boston, was on board the *Utopia* at the time of the collision and was lost. One sad incident in regard to the loss of the *Utopia* was brought to notice yesterday when Mrs. McCull, of Brooklyn, widow of the second engineer of the ill-fated ship, appeared on the pier and anxiously asked if her husband was aboard. He went down in his ship, and the fact was telegraphed over here, but Mrs. McCull has been diligent in her inquiries at every ship which came in from Gibraltar, thinking that perhaps her husband had escaped. When the *Anglia* came in yesterday and her husband was not among the saved, Mrs. McCull abandoned all hope and went sorrowfully to her home.

W. T. Coburn, in relating his experience, said: "I was below when the steamer fouled the man-of-war, and thought that the shock was caused by her coming to anchor. I went on deck, but did not realize what had happened until I saw one of the officers of the vessel strapping a life-preserver around the waist of one of the women passengers. Then I looked over the starboard side and saw that a great hole had been stove in the vessel's side, extending below the waterline. She filled rapidly. The passengers, realizing that the vessel was sinking, rushed on deck, and it was a wild scene of confusion, although the officers did all they could to quiet the people. I jumped overboard with a life-preserver, but it was torn from me by the waves. I saw a big Newfoundland dog, belonging to the captain, in the water, and swam to him. Just then a launch from the flagship *Camperdown* came along and pulled me aboard.

"The crew of the launch also rescued the dog, to which I was clinging. A very heavy sea was running at the time—in fact an extremely heavy sea. The people that were rescued were all saved by the launches and boats from the man-of-war. As soon as the accident happened, signals were fired by the British fleet, but by the time the boats from the shore arrived all those whom it was possible to rescue had been saved by the launches and boats from the man-of-war. I was taken on board the *Camperdown*, and the Admiral gave me every possible comfort. Two days after the accident I drew a chart, as near as I could remember, of the ship and gave it to the officers working on the wreck. The chart was found by the British fleet, but by the time the boats from the shore arrived all those whom it was possible to rescue had been saved by the launches and boats from the man-of-war. I was taken on board the *Camperdown*, and the Admiral gave me every possible comfort. 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